FOR LADIES' How can we sell Muffs at this price? We must have the room and all Furs must go regardless of what they cost. We still have a good assortment of Fine

FOR LADIES' JACKET. Black Cheviot Umbrella back, a very good garment and well worth double the money. We have some very good styles left in Fine Garments.

CHILDREN'S UN-DERWEAR. Our stock of Children's Underwear is much larger than we want to carry, so have cut the price deep to close. White, oc. upward. Scarlet and Gray at cost.

LADIES' AND MEN'S UNDER-WEAR. Greatest Bargain in this department grades of White, Gray and Scarlet: price astonishes,

Sewing Machine.

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128 Wyoming Ave.

THE CARE OF BABIES.

Two Methods Ventilated by a Mother Who Tried the Wrong One. The advent of a baby should not be

the signal for upsetting all the ordinary rules of a house. The baby himself is | marked much happier and much more likely to be healthy if from the beginning he is | nature if they are to interpret nature, brought up by method. During the first month of his little life the youngling of the human flock is often treated with such indiscretion that it is very hard for | you. him and for his poor mother to get him into good habits later.

"I fully intended," writes a young matron in Harper's Bazar, "to bring my little Duncan up well from the first hour of his birth. And I would have had very little trouble if Walter's mother had not just then come from Scotland to visit us. Duncan was her first grandchild, and the adoring grandmother had no patience with new fangled notions in the nursery, 'I rocked my babies to sleep,' she said stoutly. 'I never laid the poor little things down in their cribs and expected them to go to sleep. Yes, and I carried them when they cried. Many's the time, Margie, that I've carried your husband up and down the floor for two hours without stopping. He was a great heavy fellow too. I would drop down utterly worn out at last.

"'Nurse the baby by the clock? No. my dear. I believe in nursing a baby when he's hungry-little and often is my way. A baby will never be a baby again. Let him be loved and petted while he can. So the grandmother argued, and so, being a resolute person, buxom and strong of back as of will, she had her way. Duncan became, bless his heart, the tyrant and the despot a baby does when he has his own way. We were abject slaves, and Dimean ruled us with a rod of iron. Poor little man! He had the colic perpetually. He woke up a dozen times every night. When he slept, it seemed as if we must bush our very breathing, lest

it should disturb him. "My neighbor, a positive little lady, with no relations to interfere in fond foolishness, brought up her wee Johnnie according to method. She nursed him by the clock. Therefore she could leave the house for a certain length of time, knowing that he would not suffer for food while she was gone. He was the sweetest baby-never sour or disagreeable from repletion.

'She never allowed him to be wakened that visitors might look at him, and she didn't let people kiss him if she could help it. As for carrying the baby, that was absolutely forbidden. He was put into his cradle wide awake, warm and comfortable, and was left in a darkened room to go to sleep.

"There is no telling how the boys will turn out when they are old enough to go to school, but Johnnie is far less trouble than Duncan. Not that I would exchange labies, though!

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At



CHAPTER V. OUR ADVERTMEMENT BRINGS A VISITOR. Our morning's exertions had been too much for my weak health, and I was tired out in the afternoon. After Holmes' departure for the concert, I lay down upon the sofa and endeavored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It was a useless attempt. My mind had been too much excited by all that had occurred, and the strangest faucles and surmises crowded into it. Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, baboon-like ountenance of the mardered man. So inister was the impression which that face had produced upon me that I found it difficult to feel anything but gratitude for him who had removed its owner from the world. If ever human features bespoke vice of the most malignant type, they were certainly those of Enoch J. Prebber, of Cleveland. Still I recognized that justice must be done, and that the depravity of the victim was no condonement in he eyes of the law.

The more I thought of It the more extraordinary did my companion's hypothesis, that the man had been poisoned, appear. I remember how he had saiffed his lips, and had no doubt that he had detected something which had given rise to the idea. Then, again, if not poison, what had caused the man's death, since there was neither wound nor marks of strangulation? But, on the other hand, whose blood was that which lay so thickly upon the floor? There were no signs of a struggle, nor had the victim any weapon with which he might have wounded an antagonist. As long as all these questions were unsolved, I felt that sleep would be no easy matter, either for Holmes or myself. His quiet, self-confident manner convinced me that he had already formed a theory which explained all the facts. though what it was I could not for an instant conjecture.

He was very late in returning-so late that I knew that the concert could not have detained him all that time. Dinner was on the table before he ap-

"It was magnificent," he said, as he took his seat. "Do you remember what Darwin says about music? He claims that the power of producing and appreciating it existed among the human race long before the power of speech was arrived at. Perhaps that why we are so subtly influenced by it. There are vague memories in our souls of those misty centuries when the world was in its childhood."

"That's rather a broad idea," I re-

"One's ideas must be as broad as he answered. "What's the matter? You're not looking quite yourself. This Brixton road affair has upset

"To tell the truth, it has." I said. I ought to be more case hardened after my Afghan experiences. I saw my own comrades hacked to pieces at Maiwand without losing my nerve."

"I ean understand. There is a mystery about this which stimulates the magination: where there is no imagination there is no horror. Have you seen the evening paper?"

"It gives a fairly good account of the affair. It does not mention the fact that when the man was raised up a woman's wedding ring fell upon the floor. It is just as well it does not."

"Look at this advertisement," he anwered. "I had one sent to every paper this morning immediately after the

He threw the paper across to me, Found column. "In Brixton road



I GLANCED AT THE PLAN INDICATED.

this morning," It ran, "a plain gold wedding ring, fortid in the roadway etween the White Hart tavern and Holland grove. Apply Dr. Watson, 221n Baker street, between eight and nine this evening.

"Excuse my using your name," he these dunderheads would recognize it and want to meddle in the affair." "That is all," I answered, "But sup-

posing anyone applies, I have no ring."
"Oh, yes, you have." said he, handing me one. "This will do very well. It is almost a fac-simile."

"And who do you expect will answer this advertisement?"

"Why, the man in the brown contour florid friend with the square toes. If he does not come himself he will send an accomplice."

"Would he not consider it as too "Not at all. If my view of the case s correct, and I have every reason to red-rimmed eyes. "The gentleman believe that it is, this man would rather risk anything than lose the ring. According to my notion he Place, Peckham. dropped it while stooping over Drebber's body, and did not miss it at the time. After leaving the house he discovered his loss, and hurrled back, but | a smart, clean lad, too, as long as he's found the police already in possession, owing to his own folly in leaving the more thought of; but when on shore, drugstores, or write B.F. Allen | candle burning. He had to pretend to | what with the women and what with Co.,365 Canal St., New York. be drunk in order to allay the suspicious which might have been aroused "Here is yo

by his appearance at the gate. Now put yourself in that man's place. On thinking the matter over, it must have occurred to him that it was possible that he had lost the ring in the road after leaving the house. What would he do then? He would eagerly look out for the evening papers, in the hope of seeing it among the articles found. His eye, of course, would light upon He would be overjoyed. Why should be fear a trap? There would be no reason in his eyes why the finding of the ring should be connected

"And then?" I asked. "Oh, you can leave me to deal with him, then. Have you any arms?"

with the murder. He would come. He

will come. You shall see him within

"I have my old service revolver and

"You had better clean it and load it. He will be a desperate man, and, though I shall take him unawares, it is as well to be ready for anything." I went to my bedroom and followed his advice. When I returned with the pistol the table had been cleared and

Holmes was engaged in his favorite occupation of scraping upon his violin. "The plot thickens," he said, as I entered. "I have just had an answer to my American telegram. My view of the case is correct.'

"And that is?" I usked, engerly. "My fiddle would be better for new strings," he remarked. "Put your pis-tol in your pocket. When the fellow speak to him in an ordinary Leave the rest to me. Don't frighten him by looking at him too

"It is eight o'clock now," I said glancing at my watch.

"Yes. He will probably be here in a few minutes. Gpen the door slightly. That will do. Now put the key on the inside. Thank you! This is a queer book I picked up at a stall yesterday-'De Jure inter Gentes'-published in



VERY OLD AND WRINKLED WOMAN HOBBLED INTO THE APARTMENT.

Latin at Liege, in the Lowlands, in 1642. Charles' head was still firm on his shoulders when this little brownbacked volume was struck off."

"Who is the printer?" "Philippe de Croy, whoever he may have been. On the fly-leaf, in very faded ink, is written, 'Exlibris Guliolmi Whyte.' I wondered who William Whyte was. Some pragmatical seventeenth century lawyer, I suppose. His writing has a legal twist about it. Here comes our man, I

think. As he spoke there was a sharp ring at the bell. Sherlock Holmes rose softly, and moved his chair in the direction of the door. We heard the servant pass along the hall, and the sharp click of the latch as she opened it.

"Does Dr. Watson live here?" asked a clear but rather harsh voice. We could not hear the servant's reply, but and I glanced at the place indicated | the door closed, and some one began to It was the first announcement in the ascend the stairs. The footfall was an uncertain and shuffling one. A look of surprise passed over the face of my companion as he listened to it. I came slowly along the passage, and there was a feeble tap at the door.

"Come in!" I cried. At my summons, instead of the man of violence whom we expected, a very old and wrinkled woman hobbled into the apartment. She appeared to be dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and, after dropping a courtesy, she stood blinking at us with her bleared eyes and fumbling in her pocket with nervous, shaky fingers. I glanced at my companion, and his face had assumed such a disconsolate expression that it was all I could do to keep my countenance.

The old crone drew out an evening paper, and pointed at our advertisement. "It's this as has brought me, good gentlemen," she said, dropping another courtesy; "a gold weddingring in the Brixton road. It belongs to my girl Sally, as was married only this time twelvemonth, which her husband is steward aboard a union boat, and what he'd say if he come ome and found her without her ring is more than I can think, he being caid. "If I used my own some one of short enough at the best o' times, but more especially when we has the drink. If it please you, she went to the circus last night along with-"

"Is that her ring?" I asked.
"The Lord be thanked!" cried the old woman. "Sally will be a glad woman this night. That's the ring." "And what may your address be?" I inquired, taking up a pencil. "18 Duncan street, Houndsditch. A

weary way from here. "The Brixton road does not lie between any circus and Houndsditch,' said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. The old woman faced round and looked keenly at him from her little asked me for my address," she said.

"Sally lives in lodgings at 3 Mayfield

"And your name is-" 'My name is Sawyer-hers is Dennis, which Tom Dennis married her-and 2 yea, and no steward in the company

"Here is your ring, Mrs. Sawyer," I

interrupted, in obedience to a sign WEAK MEN YOUR ATTENTION from my companion; "it clearly be longs to your daughter, and I am glad to restore it to the rightful owner."

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for So, roant by mail on receipt of money, and
with every \$5.00 order WE GUARANTEE
a cure or money refunded.

From account of counterfeits we have
adopted the Yellow Wrapper, the only genuline. Sold in Scranton by Matthews Bros. With many mumbled blessings and protestations of gratitude the old crone packed it away in her pocket. and shuffled off down the stairs. Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet the moment she was gone and rushed into his room. He returned in a few seconds enveloped in an ulster and a cravat.



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COMMON

HOLLOW,

FRONT,

HER PURSUER DOGGED HER SOME LITTLE DISTANCE REDIND.

I'll follow her," he said, hurriedly; she must be an accomplice, and will lead me to him. Wait up for me." The hall door had hurriedly slammed behind our visitor before Holmes had descended the stair. Looking through the window I could see her walking feebly along the other side, while her pursuer dogged her some little distance behind. 'Either his whole theory is incorrect," I thought to myself, or else he will be led now to the heart of the mystery." There was no need for him to ask me to wait up for him, for I felt that sleep was impossible until I heard the result of his adven-

It was close upon nine when he set out. I had no idea how long he might be, but I sat stolidly puffing at my pipe and skipping over the pages of Henri Murger's "Vie de Boheme." Ten o'clock passed, and I heard the footsteps of the maids as they pattered off to bed. Eleven and the more stately tread of the landlady passed my door, bound for the same destination. It was close upon twelve before I heard the sharp sound of his latch-key. The instant he entered I saw by his face that he had not been successful. Amusement and chagrin seemed to be strugpling for the mastery, until the former suddenly carried the day, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I wouldn't have the Scotland Yarders know it for the world," he cried. dropping into his chair; "I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long

"What is it, then?" I asked. "Oh, I don't mind telling a story against myself. That creature had gone a little way when she began to limp and show every sign of being foot-sore. Presently she came to a halt, and hailed a four-wheeler which was passing. I managed to be close enough to her to hear the address, but I need not have been so anxious, for she same it out loud enough to be heard at the other side of the street. 'Drive to It Duncan street, Houndsditch,' she cried. This begins to look gennine, I cried, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. Well, away we rattled, and never drew a rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and strolled down the street in an easy, lounging way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest assorted collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I fear it

yer or Dennis had ever been heard of "You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old woman was able to get out of he cab while it was in motion, without either you or the driver seeing

will be some time before he gets his

fare. On inquiring at No. 13 I found

that the house belonged to a respecta

ble paper-hanger, named Keswick, and

that no one of the name either of Saw-

"Old woman be d-d!" said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. "We were the old women to be so taken in. It must have been a young man, and an active one, too, besides being an incomparable actor. The get-up was inimitable. He saw that he was followed, no doubt, and used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man we are after is not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done-up. Take my ad vice and turn in.

I was certainly feeling very weary so I obeyed his injunction. I left Holmes seated in front of the smolder ing fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to

TO BE CONTINUED. Why She Stopped. An editor's excuse for discontinuing the publication of his paper was that every-

thought he would,-North and West,

body else stopped the paper, and so he

AFTER THE GRIP. sumonia, fevers, or other debilitating discases, your quickest way to get flesh and strength is with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That gives purify to your blood, and rapidly builds up lost flesh and strength.

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